The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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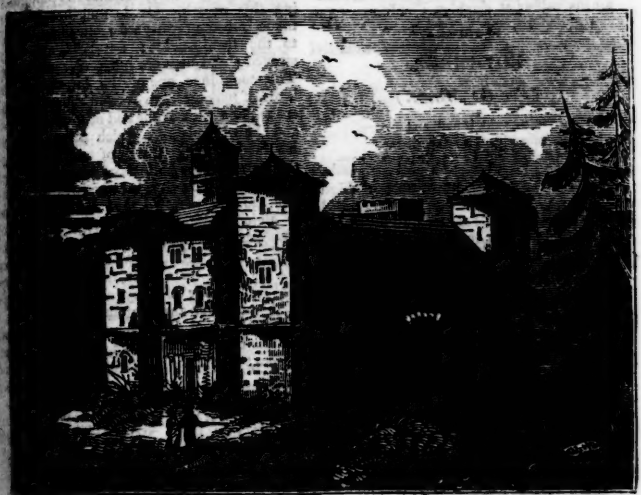
Acton Burnell Castle, Shropshire.



WHATEVER may tend to embellish antiquity, or illustrate history, we are convinced is always acceptable to our readers, and we therefore are pleased in being enabled to give a very correct and faithful engraving of Acton Burnell Castle, in which king Edward I. held his parliament in the year 1283. The above curious remain of antiquity is situate in the hundred of Cundover, in the county of Salop, about eight miles from Shrewsbury. The castle is a square building, with a square tower at each corner. Its founder, or more probably its restorer, was Robert Burnell, bishop of Bath and Wells, treasurer, and afterwards Chancellor of England, who in 1292 was sent to the Marches of Scotland, where he was employed in a peremptory embassy, to demand of the Scots what they had to object to the claim of his master the king to the right and exercise of the supereminency and direct dominion over their kingdom. In this office he died, and was interred in his cathedral at Wells. His successor in the castle was Sir Edward Burnell, who served in many actions in Scotland under Edward I. and appeared with great splendour; he was always attended with a chariot decked with banners, on which were depicted his arms. In 1346, it came into the possession of Nicholas, lord Burnell, who died in the year 1382, and was buried in Acton Burnell church, under an altar tomb, with a brass inlaid in it of the figure of an armed man, and a brass plate thus inscribed:—

Hic jacet d'n's Nich'us Burnell, miles, d'n's de Holgot, qui obijt xb° die Januarij Anno D'ni Mmo CCC mo Lxxxij Cui' a'i'e p' pitiet' d's am'.

The manor continued in the Burnell family till the 9th of Edward II., when Edward lord Burnell dying without male issue, he left this and other estates to his sister Maud, who marrying to John de Handlou, or Haudlow, transferred the estate into that family, in which it continued till the 8th of Henry V. Camden tells us, the abovenamed Maud married for her first husband, John lord Lovell, and so brought this manor into his family, but he does not make it appear how; yet in the reign of Henry VI. the Lovells were in possession of it, and Francis lord Lovell, by his adherence to Richard III. forfeited the

estate. Henry VII. being seated on the throne, gave it to Jasper, earl of Bedford, with other estates in this county; but he dying without issue, they reverted to the crown; and Henry VIII. gave them to Thomas Howard, earl of Surrey, whom he created duke of Norfolk, as a reward for his valour at Flodden Field.

NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

"November's sky is chill and drear;
November's leaf is red and sear."
WALTER SCOTT.

On account of the prevalence of high winds during this month, it was called *Wint-monat* by the Saxons.

The long winter evening has again sent us snug within the circle of our friends and acquaintances by the bright fireside, and their bland smiles and cheerful looks are enjoyed in lieu of the twilight evening stroll. Now the dank November fog hangs without doors, and all is gloomy, desolate, and drear—now the rustling of the yellow falling leaves, "thin dancers upon air" that "go eddying round," and the amorous note of the wood-pigeons, who now come back again, are heard. Nevertheless, November, with its fogs, its deluging rains, rude blustering winds, the loss of verdure, and its sad notes denoting the approach of winter, presents us with some intervals of clear and pleasant weather. The mornings are, occasionally, sharp, but the hoarfrost is soon dissipated by the sun, and a fine open day follows. It is a pleasant thing to give way to the pensiveness of this month—and it is a pleasant thing to witness the decay of the flowery tribe—and pleasant will it be to my readers to call to mind, on the close of autumn, the beautiful lines of Montgomery on plucking a wild rose at this season:—

Thou last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly rose, what dost thou here?
Why, frail flower! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer?
Since now, in autumn's sullen reign,
When every breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awaking from repose,
Thy fairy lids unclose.

* * *

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, colour, grace!
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips;
No sparkling dewdrops gem
Thy fine elastic stem;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn:
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume,
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconcealed below,
All naked glares the threat'ning thorn.

The farmer usually finishes his ploughing this month. Cattle and horses are taken into the farm-yard; sheep are sent to the turnip-fields; ant-hills are destroyed; and bees are put under shelter. The stock-dove, one of the latest winter birds of passage, arrives from more northern regions towards the end of November; and the wild pigeons, which migrate into England at the approach of winter, build their nests in the hollows of decayed trees.

Such are the principal rural features of this month: turn we then for a moment to *civic* affairs. The citizen does more than dream of lord mayor's day—whilst sundry little urchins, whose pennies for months past have been hoarded for a squib in honour of *Guy*, are equally excited—and ever-amusing and amused servant-maids and little school misses and masters begin to anticipate the wonders of the next Christmas pantomime.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

(For the Mirror.)

The month of November is generally unfavourable for observing eclipses, in consequence of the dense gloom that usually prevails; however, should the afternoon of Tuesday the 14th prove clear, curiosity may be indulged in witnessing a considerable lunar defect. In those places where the moon attains a great altitude and is visible from the commencement to the conclusion of the phenomenon, this must prove a very interesting one; to us she rises eclipsed equal to 17 digits, therefore total, at 4 h. 23 m. when the *pleiades* will be about 6° north of her disc or surface; at 5 h. her eastern limb makes its appearance, and the earth's shadow recedes till the eclipse terminates at 6 h. 6 m. The dusky appearance on the moon's surface is occasioned by the diminution of the sun's light.

On Wednesday, the 29th, the lovers of astronomy will again be gratified with the pleasing sight of another of these phenomena (the weather proving fair): this defect is a solar one. Our *very old* friend, "Francis Moore, physician," observes, that "from computations of the solar and lunar motions, there will only be another visible solar eclipse within ten years, and that a very small one." This will not

prove a total eclipse to any part of the earth, although the moon is in her *perigee* or nearest the earth at the time, her semi-diameter consequently exceeding that of the sun; the central shade passes 723 miles above the surface of the earth, rather too exalted a station "I calculate" to be attained even by the most intrepid aeronaut.

One minute before 10 A. M. the eastern part of the moon will pass the sun's western limb, when a faint notch will be observed towards the top, which will gradually increase, and it will be plainly seen that a rotund body is slowly traversing the disc of that luminary. The moon has her bright side constantly towards the sun, the source of light, heat, and life, and consequently, the cause of her brilliancy; the side which is then turned to the earth will be entirely obscure, and she will appear covered with absolute blackness. The greatest obscuration will be at 11 h. 4 m. a considerable portion of the sun's rays will be intercepted by the moon, yet no very great degree of darkness will be noticed. The sun will assume a red appearance, and may be looked on at this period of the eclipse with more ease than we usually experience when directing our visual orbs towards an object so brilliant. Our forementioned friend recommends "a dark glass for the purpose of defending the eye against the direct rays of the sun." He will now appear of a similar shape to the moon when near her first quarter; the concave side will be uppermost with the points or horns inclining rather eastward; the moon gradually passes over him till at 0 h. 11 min. P. M. the obscuration ceases; the digits eclipsed are 6° 38 min. or a little more than half of his surface. Should the morning not prove fair, an increase of gloom will be the only indication of its existence, as though clouds more dense than usual were sailing through the lower regions of the atmosphere.

The inclination of the *moon's orbit* to the plane of the *ecliptic* is 5½°; were they coincident, the sun would be eclipsed to some parts of the earth at every change, and the moon at every full; but when the sun and moon are *more* than 7° from either of the nodes at the time of conjunction, the moon is either too high or too low to cast any shadow, and when the sun is *more* than 12° from either of the nodes at the time of full moon, there will be no shadow; if within these limits, there will be an eclipse more or less extensive, according to the situation of the sun with regard to the nodes, and as the sun passes the nodes but twice in the year, it is no wonder we have so many new and full moons without eclipses. The position of the sun and moon at the period of the November lunations are as follows:—

	Deg.	Min.	
Place of moon's node at the opposition...	23	35	Scorpio.
Sun's place	21	37	Do.
Distance from node..	1	58	

	Deg.	Min.	
Sun's place at conjunction	6	47	Sagittarius.
Place of moon's node	22	47	Scorpio.
Distance from node..	14		

When the *sun* is eclipsed to us, the moon's inhabitants (presuming that body with the planets to be inhabited) on the side next the earth, see her shadow like a dark spot travelling over the earth. When the *moon* is in an eclipse, the sun appears eclipsed to her, total in all those parts on which the earth's shadow falls, and of as long continuance as they are in the shadow. There will be three great solar eclipses within the next 32 years; the first on Sunday, the 15th May, 1836; the middle of it between three and four o'clock in the afternoon: the second on Saturday, the 9th October, 1847, between seven and eight in the morning; the third on Monday, 15th March, 1858, about one P. M.: and one 86 years hence, on Wednesday, 17th April, 1912, between twelve and one P. M.

Another opportunity is offered this month of viewing the nimble planet, Mercury, between sun-set and the termination of twilight, from the 15th to the end, provided the state of the atmosphere presents no obstacle; he arrives at his greatest elongation on the 28th, when his position will be 27° 12 min. *Sagittarius*. He sets on the 15th at 5 h. 2 min. and varies only four minutes to the end of the month.

Jupiter rises on the first at 3 h. 41 min. A. M. in 5° 58 min. *Cancer*; on the 30th at 2 h. 16 min. A. M. in 9° 18 min. *Libra*. His satellites being invisible to the unassisted eye, seem to have remained unseen and unknown to the world from the creation to January 1610, when Galileo, a noted astronomer, discovered them by means of a telescope. On the 14th, his first satellite enters the shadow on the western side of the planet, at 5 h. 32 min. 41 sec. morning; and on the 30th an immersion will take place at 3 h. 48 min. 24 sec. morning.

Saturn now becomes a conspicuous ob-

ject in the east: he rises on the first at 7 h. 49 min. and on the 30th at 6 h. 7 min. evening.

The sun enters *Sagittarius* on the 22nd at 7 h. 13 min. in the afternoon.

23rd Oct. 1826. PASCHE.

THE DEATH OF THE LOTTERY

(For the Mirror.)

AT five o'clock, P.M., October 18, 1826, the sister of dame Fortune, *alias* the Lottery, was seized with violent symptoms of death, attended with extraordinary pains, and expired at twenty minutes past six, in *Coopers'* hall, aged 259 years. The efforts of the state doctors could not have saved her, aided by all the *Coopers*, surgical and mechanical. She had been attacked the last ten years with various degrees of epilepsy, caused by certain members of a certain honourable house, and has at last died, amidst the thanks of some, and *non-thanks* of others. Some she has debased, and some exalted. This lucky or unlucky lady (according to circumstances) first drew breath in 1567, and began to speak to the people of England in 1569, at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral. Her children, *alias* tickets, sold at ten shillings each, and she had no illegitimate brats or blanks. The prizes consisted chiefly of plate, and the profits were intended for repairing the havens of the kingdom. This lottery (says Maitland) continued drawing incessantly day and night, from January the 11th till the 6th of May following. In 1612, James I. granted permission for a lottery, of which the highest prize was of the value of 4,000 crowns, in fair plate; this was for the assistance of the Virginia company. The state lottery, which had been drawing at Guildhall, was finished on the 5th of January, 1744, when No. 11,053, which came up a prize of one hundred pounds, was also, as being the last drawn ticket, declared to be entitled to one thousand pounds more. But it is remarkable, that after the wheels were carried from Guildhall to Whitehall, and there opened, a ticket, No. 72,148, was found in the wheel A, and being the next drawn ticket after all the prizes were drawn, was declared as entitled to the one thousand pounds as the last drawn ticket, which afterwards made a great noise. P. T. W.

THE CHRISTENING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It is in such celebrations that the domestic fireside exhibits festive glee in its native guise. The heart, illumining every countenance and eliciting gladsome emotions, expands in joyous mirth, and seems eager to clothe imagination in suitableness of expression. It is then that hilarity stoops not to be critical.

On a recent occasion of this nature, a coterie (some of whom have the vanity to consult their *mirror* with a frequency that would lead to the belief that it reflected more charms than I will venture to guess at) were enjoying this saturnian flow of soul near that witching hour when "night is at odds with morning," when a theme was started by one of the company present, as inexhaustible as it appeared interminable. It was eulogistic of the fair sex. As a man of gallantry, you, Mr. Editor, must be conscious, or at any rate should at all times appear to be so, how difficult it is to award us that precise degree of merit which is our just due—to draw that nice line of distinction between flattery and truth, which renders the incense of adulation grateful to sense and feeling.

A gentleman present embarked voluntarily on this ocean of perplexity; and commendable as the act would seem, the subject proved too overwhelming. Our would-be champion had not tried his harness; its weight encumbered him; he sunk under the ponderous burden, and awakened the fiery indignation of our trusty and well-beloved Timothias Tobykin, who, rising with a furor only to be equalled by that of the veteran warrior, who sees victory deserting his standard in a hard-fought field, which his own prowess would have secured, but for the vacillation of his superior in command, bestirred himself lustily in our behalf, in an oration of some length, in support of the fact of our possessing superlative excellence, which his predecessor had incautiously hazarded.

Our fair readers will doubtless feel anxious, ere we commit the substance of his harangue to paper, in brief, to be informed somewhat of his stature and lineaments, to the end that when they meet with such a man, "they may note him." Picture, then, to yourselves, my sweet friends, a perfect Adonis in miniature—such a one as our delightful novelist, Miss P., would have portrayed as the counterpart of the sylphid Euphemia Dundas; endue him with intellect of the most dazzling order, and you have a *beau ideal* that is nature itself.

"What!" said our hero, (his lip quivering with excitement,) "shall we be at a loss for language wherein to expatiate, when woman is the theme of our admiration? Trace her through every stage of

society, she is its primary stay and solace; without her, life would be a blank—existence a weary burthen. The very event we meet to commemorate strikingly exemplifies the truth of my assertions. The heart that glows not with delight at the renewal, as it were, of self in its offspring, and is not won by infantine artlessness, is fit for nature's wildest, most ferocious moods. 'Let no such one be trusted.' What pleasure equals that we experience around the social board, graced by the partner of our joys? (Here Tim. made a gentle inclination to our kind hostess.) Am I to hear personal freedom extolled in contra-distinction to what are miscalled the *shackles* of matrimony? Hence, I say, with such illiberal conclusions; they proceed either from those who have *inconsiderately* embarked their happiness, and find, too late, alas! that the step is irretrievable, or from incompetent judges. Not a situation in life, however trying and painful, is, with respect to capability of endurance, beyond the limit of feminine fortitude; interest their feelings, and the most delicate frame becomes superhuman; of this fact I could cite abundant proof if I thought it necessary, but your own hearts can decide. Why need I, therefore, urge upon any here present, what all, I am assured, must and do cheerfully acquiesce in? Having ventured thus far, I appeal," said he, (turning to an elderly gentleman on his right,) "to my valued friend *P. T. W.* whether," —(here a twitch at his button *au derrière* disturbed the orator's equilibrium and our gravity for an instant)—"whether," he repeated, "he has not, (and can we wish for more respectable authority?) often candidly acknowledged how enviable my domestic fireside appeared, asserting, that could he feel assured he should be *equally* fortunate in his choice, he would not hesitate one moment. Often as he has instanced his good sense, this is the *strongest* proof I am acquainted with; but as I perceive he is anxious to offer a remark or two, to his prudence I confidently resign the subject."

The gentleman in question here rose, not, he said, with the idea of bearing *testimony* to the subject, it being somewhat out of the pale of his scrutiny; neither would he ransack authorities, lest he should stumble on some such unlucky instances as the wife of Socrates, who certainly had no claim to the designation of "*better* half," so commonly awarded to the married ladies of the present day. He thought his private sentiments had been rather unfairly exposed; but, as he was not ashamed of them, he took no umbrage. He did not choose to be placed in the confessional arbitrarily, and only felt it due from him to state, that he was disposed to judge the question as candidly as any gentleman in the room; and that he would not yield, even to *Timotheus* himself, one iota of the enthusiastic admiration it was calculated to excite.

Your intelligent correspondent, *Jacobus*, was induced, he said, to uplift his voice on the occasion, not with a view to enumerate its merits or demerits; they must be obvious to every liberal mind. It was no slight addition to his happiness to observe, that all seemed unanimous; nothing had occurred to subtract from the harmony of the evening. We had had multiplied proofs of liberality of sentiment, so that no division was to be apprehended. It was his practice, and, indeed, he thought the interest of every one, never to barter generous feelings, if they could be maintained consistently with good fellowship.

Having now given you pretty concisely the substance of what passed on this knotty question, I beg to withdraw from its discussion, respectfully subscribing myself JANET.

Retrospective Gleanings

DESCRIPTION OF THE COURT AND PERSON OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(For the Mirror.)

WE arrived next at the royal palace of Greenwich, reported to have been originally built by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, and to have received very magnificent additions from Henry VII. It was here Elizabeth, the present queen, was born, and here she generally resides, particularly in summer, for the delightfulness of its situation. We were admitted, by an order Mr. Rogers had procured from the lord-chamberlain, into the presence-chamber, hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,* through which the queen passes in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction that came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, a great number of counsellors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the

* Rushes. It was the custom in this country, for many ages, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

queen's coming out, which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—First went gentlemen, barons, earls, knights of the garter, all richly dressed, and bare-headed; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state, in a red scabbard, studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the point upwards. Next came the queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we are told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; a nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth *black*, (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar;) she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Luneburg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain, she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along, in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, or Italian; for, besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and, for the most part, dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of, *Long live queen Elizabeth!* She answered it with, *I thank you, my good people.* In the chapel was excellent music; as soon as it and the service were over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But, while she was still at prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity:—A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times, with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table; and, after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady, (we were told she was a countess,) and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting-knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times, in the most graceful manner, approached the table, rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of them gilt; these dishes were received by gentlemen in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat, of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power.—*Journey into England of Paul Hentzner, in* 1598.

From Harrison, a writer of the age of Elizabeth, we glean the following creditable reflections on the domestic pursuits of the

LADIES OF THE COURT.

"BESIDES these things, I could in like sort set downe the waies and means whereby our ancient ladies of the court doo shun and avoid idlenesse; some of them exercising their fingers with the needle, others in caule-work, diverse in spinning of silk, some in continual reading, either of the Holie Scriptures, or histories of our owne and foreign nations about us, and diverse in writing volumes of their owne, and translating of other men's into our English and Latin toong; while the youngest sort, in the mean time, applie their lutes, cittiarnes, prick-song, and all kinds of musicke, while they use only for recreation sake, when they are free from attendance on the queen's majestie."

ELIZABETH'S POETRY,

SOME specimens of which are preserved in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, a work by Edward Phillips, the nephew of the celebrated Milton, first published in 1675, being a chronology of such English poets as flourished from the reign of Henry III. to the close of the reign of queen Elizabeth. This was republished and enlarged towards the close of the last century, from whence we gather the powers for poetry which that illustrious heroine herself discovered. In Percy's "Ballads," ii. p. 127, are printed her "Verses, while prisoner at Woodstock, writ with charcoal on a shutter," 1555. They were preserved by Hentzner, (the author before quoted,) in his travels. In Headley's "Select Beauties of Antient Poetry," ii. p. 85, and in the "Specimens of the early English Poets," printed for Edwards, 1790, 8vo. at p. 66, are "Verses by queen Elizabeth, upon Mount Zeur's departure," beginning,

"I greeve, and dare not shewe my discontent," &c.

"The following ditty on the factions raised by the queen of Scots, while prisoner in England, and printed not long after, if not before, the beheading that unfortunate queen, were *also composed by Elizabeth*:—

"The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
And wit me learns to shun such snares as threaten my annoy;
For falshood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason rul'd, or wisdom wove the web.
But clouds of joys untried to cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent by course of changed winds.
The top of Hope suppos'd, the root of rule will be,
And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see.
Then dazzled eyes with pride, which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unseal'd by worthy wights, whose falshood foresight finds.
The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule hath taught peace still to grow.
No foreign banish'd wight shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force, let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for lawless joy."

F. R. Y.

STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to watch the gems that stud the sky,
Strewn o'er the concave, ebon vault of night:
'Tis sweet to watch the meteors as they fly,
With streaming blue, and dazzling wild-fires bright;
'Tis sweet to view the pale and icy light
Of the fair moon, the brightest gem among
The purple diadem with silver dight,
And veil'd with thin grey clouds, that fly along
Through the wide air in hasty, varied throng.

'Tis sweet to watch the bosom of old ocean,
Hurrying from out his coral, crystal caves,
And rocking to and fro, with cradling motion,
Lulling the vessel with his briny waves;
While Cynthia dancing on his grassy graves,
Shows the lone mariner—who to the low
Sound of his oar against the water—braves
A song—while quicker still he strives to row,
To reach his humble home, and smile away his woe.

'Tis sweet to watch the shadows stealing slow
Along the vale of eve—the sun decline;
'Tis sweet to see the sun-beams gently go
Down the bright path of Sol, with ray divine;
'Tis sweet to see the star of evening shine:
But at this hour, with sacred silence blest,
While other thoughts are absent be it mine,
Of *men* and of their *minds*, to fly in quest,
While their dread passions, pleasures, all are lull'd to rest.

MUSIC.

MUSIC—'tis in the night bird's song;
In the harp and voice of man;
In the sweep of bells, as they rush along,
The twilight's silver span.

In the warrior's blast on tow'r and heath,
In the hunter's distant cry;
In the worshipper's adoring breath—
The hymn's fair minstrelsy.

In the morning winds, and cities rise;
In the coming of the tide;
In the hurrying dwellers of the skies;
In the bending forests wide.

XUM

But the music rich and holiest,
And dearest far to me;
Is the voice of truth, by wisdom blest,
The tongue's sincerity.

W. C. B.

The Novelist.

No. XC.

THE BOYNE WATER—A TALE.

[A most striking scene from *The Boyne Water* was given at p. 362 of the last volume of the MIRROR, and we then promised an early analysis of the tale. We have, therefore, to apologize to our readers for so long neglecting our pledge, and now hasten to give a full notice of this most interesting historical romance by the authors of the *O'Hara Tales*.—ED.]

In a very clever and amusing introductory letter, professing to be from Mr. Abel O'Hara, of Inismore, to Mr. Barnes O'Hara, of Gray's Inn, London, we are informed, that the object of the present novel is to submit the true characters and the true motives of some actors on both sides, during the very remarkable era the authors have ventured to select for a national tale. The scene of the novel is laid in Ireland, and embraces a period of about six years, commencing in the year 1685, and finishing with the siege and treaty of Limerick. It includes an account of the memorable battle of Londonderry, the siege of Limerick, the battle of the Boyne, and, indeed, all the important events connected with Ireland during that period. This strictly national tale, in which so many historical events are woven, consists of the adventures of two pair of lovers—namely, a Protestant youth, Evelyn, and his sister Esther, who become enamoured of Eva and Edmund M'Donnell, who are Roman Catholics. We now proceed to the plot.

It was in the year 1685, that a party of travellers forming, in the group, some remarkable contrast, were journeying from Belfast to Carrickfergus; among these was a young damsel of sixteen, and a youth, who did not appear much older, but whose gallant hardihood recommended him to notice: there was also a squat, elderly gentleman whose legs scarcely reached more than half way down the sides of the beast he bestrode. By his steed rode a tall gaunt person, who had, on a pillion behind him, a second female of colossal figure. The two young persons were Robert Evelyn and Esther; the short gentleman, their uncle and guardian; and the amazonian lady, his spouse; her conductor, Oliver Whittle, was an old attendant of the family, who had fought under Cromwell, in Ireland, and was a Presbyterian. On their way, they indulged in some severe remarks on popery, but were checked by a stranger they encountered, whose cloak concealed the habit of a Catholic priest.

The party arrives at Carrickfergus at the moment when the mayor, in procession, is proclaiming James II. king, and when the populace were indulging in strange freaks, such as carrying a fellow on a pole, ducking a woman for being a scold, &c. Resting one night at Carrickfergus, they set forward next day, and in passing the Garron Point, during a thunder-storm, Esther's life is miraculously preserved by a youth and his sister. Mrs. Evelyn owes her preservation to a wild looking man, who rescued her by force from the danger; this was a deaf and dumb man, uncle to the preservers of Esther, who had been sent by their father to warn the strangers of their danger.

In journeying forward, led by their preservers, Edmund, and his sister, Eva M'Donnell, for so they prove, they pass the mouth of a cave, where a woman in a state of wild enthusiasm, issued with a flaming torch, and bade the travellers not pass her house, without saying "God save you." This mysterious female is Onagh, (of whom we gave some account in the volume above mentioned,) when she had received the salutation of all she seemed to wish it of, they proceeded, but had scarcely entered the solitary valley of Glenariff, when Onagh again appeared, and intimated to Eva, to tell her brother, that Esther, whose face she had particularly noticed, was the one she saw, though he could not, last All Hallow Eve, when they rowed the rape-seed by the river side; she then drew Eva aside, and in a low whisper, said—"Your fate is near you too, but you need not shun it; you will love him, and you may."

At the strip of Burnie, the cottage of the M'Donnells, the party were hospitably received, but Evelyn resolved to repass the glen to see his uncle Jeremiah, at Cushindoll, and had for his guide the dumb man. He found his uncle revelling with a priest, and conducted him to the strip of Burnie. On their way, they encounter Carolan, the harper, who accompanies them. At the house of M'Donnell, he receives a hearty welcome, and approaching Eva, struck up a lively air, which he said he had composed, while thinking of her, and of which the accompanying words may be thus translated from the Irish:—

My bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
No earthly one they be;
From morn to night they make no prize,
For none they ever see;
My cherry lips, my rose-red cheek,
My bosom, lily-white;
No lover's heart for them will break,
For none comes morn or night;
With my bright young eyes, my bright young eyes,
So swimming, soft, and blue,
My lips and cheeks and simple sighs—
What shall I, shall I do?

Carolan sung, played, and related his tales and traditions, while the M'Donnells' told of the glories of their family, their sufferings, the ingratitude of Charles II., and the oppressions of Cromwell. The following morning mass was performed, but interrupted by the covenanting Oliver. Eva, at the request of Esther, now explains the mysterious looks and sayings of Onagh, which amount to this: that Esther was the spectre of the lady seen by Edmund on All Hallow Eve; indeed it was soon found, that Edmund was in love with Esther, and Evelyn with Eva.

After a period of two years had elapsed, in all the joys and raptures of youthful lovers, Edmund and Evelyn proceed to Dublin together, where they arrive early in the year 1687. They here learn, to their surprise, the new turn things had taken since the accession of James II.; the Protestant army dismissed by Tyrconnel, and every thing indicating a return of popish domination. Evelyn embarks for America, leaving Edmund to console his sister and Esther; and all the Evelyns, accompanied by Eva, removed to their house on the banks of Lough Neagh, where they were shortly joined by Edmund, who some time after proceeded to Carrickfergus, to meet Evelyn on his return. On his arrival in that city in October, 1688, he found a young man wearing a sword and periwig, and in a clerical costume; this was a Dominican friar, O'Haggerty, who laboured to stir up the people "to anticipate, under terror of the loss of life, and of injury to God's church, retaliation by attack;" he particularly denounced George Walker, rector of Donoughmore, as a heretic.

Evelyn arrives, and is met by Edmund and Oliver; and the whole are involved in an affray between the Catholics and the Protestants, in which a famous Rapparee, Rory-na-Chappell, figures—a great horse-stealer, who had regularly four apprentices put to him, at large fees, to learn his trade of decoying horses. When the first ebullition was over, the guests that remained began to discuss the merits of protestantism and popery, when they were joined by a stranger, who proved to be Mr. George Walker. The priest, O'Haggerty, and Mr. Walker, quarrel on the subject, and some blows were exchanged; but they agreed to suspend their anger, and crossed their swords, swearing at a future time to give each other satisfaction.

Edmund and Evelyn, judging by the ties of friendship for each other, and of love to Esther and Eva, thought nothing could create disunion amongst them; they, however, were ignorant of the prejudices of religion, and the workings of party; for soon was Edmund enlisted into the cause of James and the Catholics; and Evelyn, owing to the powerful persuasions of Mr. Walker, ranked himself among the determined friends of the Prince of Orange. He had, however, previously been betrothed to Eva, and Edmund would have been united to Esther, had not the political events of the period called him to the field.

Eva, indignant at the part Evelyn has taken, retracts her vow; but when, on his way to visit her, he was surprised by her kinsmen and followers, then hostile to every one that did not espouse the cause of James, she saved him, and escorted him to a safe distance, when she left him. In vain he wished to explain his conduct, for she only replied—"Farewell, sir—poor traitor to woman and your king—poor renegade from the altar and the throne—perjured in love and loyalty—to man, to heaven, and to me—fare you well!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Selector;

or,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

ON GALVANISM.

[THE following extracts are taken from M. La Beaume's valuable work "On Galvanism, and its Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases." To the medical practitioner this treatise is highly important, and to our readers we strongly recommend an earnest perusal of it.—ED.]

THE science of galvanism is a branch of natural philosophy; and the galvanic fluid or influence is that species or modification of electricity which is developed by chemical agency. *Animal or metallic electricity* was first accidentally observed by the wife of Galvini, Anatomical Professor at Bologna, in 1791. Some frogs, recently skinned for cooking, were casu-

ally laying on a table near an electrical machine in the laboratory of the professor. After the apparatus was put into action, an attendant unintentionally touched with the point of a scalpel the crural nerves of the frog, that was nearest to the prime conductor, when the muscles of the limb were instantly thrown into strong convulsions; this remarkable circumstance the wife communicated to her husband, who repeated the experiment with the same result, which appeared to confirm the hypothesis he had previously formed, that muscular motion depended on electricity. This ingenious man subsequently made many experiments on frogs, from which he concluded that there is in all animals an inherent electricity, capable of exciting muscular motion on the application of dissimilar metals to different parts of the body. Hence the science of animal or metallic electricity, as well as the fluid, is called after his name. Soon after Galvini had made known his discoveries, several philosophers, among whom were Valli, Fowler, Fabroni, and others, prosecuted their inquiries into this new phenomenon. Their researches confirmed the important fact, that galvanism possesses a peculiar power in exciting the nerves. Sultzer, a German writer, was the first who noticed the effects which two dissimilar metals have on the tongue, when brought into contact, and which produce a subacid taste. This discovery evinced the influence of the galvanic principle on the gustatory nerves; and, some time after, its effect on the optic nerves, in producing a flash of light, was observed by Fowler. Similar experiments were also made by others with the same results; and this application of two dissimilar metals constitutes the *simple* galvanic power.*

The *compound* galvanic power was the happy discovery of Professor Volta, of Pavia, in 1800, who constructed a metallic pile, which is called after his name. This apparatus, the Voltaic Pile, consists of a series of circular plates of silver and zinc, between which, circular cards of a smaller size, wetted with water, are interposed. By touching the two extremities of this apparatus with the fingers, a shock similar to that of electricity was felt by Volta; from which he concluded, that electricity and galvanism are identically the same. Volta also constructed another galvanic apparatus, which he called the *caronnes des tasses;* but it did not produce so powerful an excitation as his pile. Though Volta's subsequent observations overthrew Galvani's theory, yet he maintained that the galvanic influence acted immediately on the nervous system. The experiments of Nicholson and Carlisle, on the voltaic pile, proved that its two ends were in different and opposite states of electricity; that the zinc end was positive and emitted oxygen; and that the silver end was negative and gave out hydrogen. By this apparatus those experimentalists *decomposed* water, and the gas obtained from it being mixed with an equal portion of common air, exploded when brought into contact with a lighted thread.

Fourcroy, Vanquelin, Tromsdorf, and others, *deflagrated* the leaves of silver, tin, and other metals; and Biot and Cuvier maintained that the air itself was deoxidated by enclosing the pile in a small space.

That celebrated chemist, Cruickshanks, of Woolwich, not only confirmed the discoveries of Nicholson and Carlisle, but succeeded in decomposing *neutral salts;* and he demonstrated that without oxygen no fluid can conduct the galvanic influence, and that the pile itself cannot act in a vacuum. To this scientific man we are also indebted for that most efficient apparatus the galvanic battery; which consists of a wooden trough, in which are arranged a series of zinc and copper plates cemented together, and placed perpendicularly at equal distances, forming many separate cells, which on being nearly filled with diluted mineral acid, develop a powerful stream of the galvanic fluid. Thus, from the simple galvanic circle of two dissimilar metals, and the power of the voltaic pile, increased by the interposition of pure water, we arrive at the immense force of the galvanic battery excited by a solution of mineral acid; by which Dr. Henry decomposed the *sulphuric* and *nitric acids*, *ammonia*, &c., and by which Sir Humphry Davy achieved his greatest chemical exploits.

Passing by the numerous experiments and speculations of continental chemists, which cannot be interesting to the generality of readers, we must now notice the brilliant discoveries of Sir Humphry Davy, which have deservedly acquired for him the reputation of being the first chemist of the age.

* Those who wish to repeat these experiments may make them thus:—Place a shilling on the tongue and a circular piece of zinc under the tongue, then bring their edges into contact, and the subacid taste will be perceived.—Procure two rods, one of zinc and the other of silver, about the size of a quill, and about six inches long; place one end of the silver rod to the outer corner of one eye, and an end of the zinc rod to the outer corner of the other eye, then, by bringing the other two ends into contact, a slight flash of light will be perceived. This mode of exciting the optic nerves was recommended by the great Dr. Darwin in the cure of amaurosis or nervous blindness.

In the year 1806, Sir Humphry Davy detailed to the Royal Society the galvanic experiments by which he obtained oxygen and hydrogen from pure water, and decomposed various earths and saline compounds. From these experiments he deduced this important fact, "*that galvanism had the power of counteracting and even of changing the effects of chemical affinities.*"

In the following year Sir Humphry Davy stated to the same learned and scientific body, that having decomposed *potass* and *soda*, he found their base to be metallic; that the alkalis are the oxyds of metals; and that he had effected a recomposition of these alkalis and various earths by the galvanic power. These surprising communications, and the experiments of continental chemists, induced Mr. Children, of Tonbridge, to augment the galvanic force by enlarging the surfaces of the plates, and increasing the number of the troughs, on the principle of Dr. Woollaston's elementary battery; by which means he also decomposed alkalis and alkaline earths, *ignited* platina wire, (six feet long, and of great thickness,) and *melted* that metal, as well as osmium and iridium. The large battery of the Royal Institution, which was made about that time, consisting of two thousand pairs of plates, having a surface equal to one hundred and twenty-eight thousand square inches, rapidly *fused* platina, quartz, saphire, magnesia, plumbago, and charcoal; and completely *evaporated diamond itself.* Such is the power of that once obscure agent, which was discovered by a propitious accident, and which by the genius of man is made to effect objects in chemistry unattainable by any other known means.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF GALVANISM.

THE *medical properties* of galvanism are stimulant, derivative, resolutive, and deobstruent. Its remedial power, as a natural excitant of the vital forces, vastly exceeds its energy as a local application: for it has not only a most powerful influence on the nerves and muscles, but also on the arterial and vascular systems: for it increases the action of the heart and arteries, and consequently the fulness or frequency of the pulse, and sometimes both; it also equalises animal heat, restores the balance of circulation, and exhilarates the spirits. Its beneficial effects on the glandular system, (which is at present little known to medical men,) is astonishingly great, for it promotes healthy secretions of the liver, kidneys, and other glands, as well as those of the stomach, bowels, and the skin. It removes spasmodic affections, and allays the morbid irritation of the nervous system, by its tonic and invigorating influence on the chylopoietic organs. Thus it not only restores corporeal strength, but also nervous, sensorial, and intellectual power. Galvanism is especially effectual in removing biliary obstructions, and in curing those chronic disorders of the liver occasioned by a residence in hot climates, as well as torpidity of that viscus, induced by sedentary occupations, or intemperate habits. In these cases it has been found an *efficient* and *beneficial substitute* for mercurial medicines, as its action is exceedingly mild and perfectly safe, and does not entail those ruinous and distressing effects on the constitution, which generally follow a course of mercury. Galvanism is also the more desirable, because, during its administration, it does not require confinement to the house, or any other inconvenient restraint: on the contrary, air, exercise, and a generous diet, are found materially to aid its curative process. Though I am fully authorized by my experience to make these observations, yet I do not assert that galvanism is an infallible *remedy* for every case of disease to which it is applicable, nor that the occasional use of gentle medicines is to be superseded. But I most positively affirm, that such are its sanative powers in the deranged functions of the digestive organs, that it has, in numerous instances, effected the most extraordinary cures after the failure of every other internal and external means, which had been most judiciously prescribed and perseveringly used, under the direction and superintendance of the ablest practitioners. As galvanism is a *natural* excitant, its effect on the human frame is not like that of ardent spirits, and mineral stimulants or tonics, which are generally temporary. The recovery which has been obtained by the galvanic course has, in the greatest number of cases, been lasting. These facts, which I boldly state, can be borne out by the testimony of a number of respectable individuals of unquestionable veracity, in different classes of society, who have experienced the permanently beneficial effects of galvanic agency, in the cure of obstinate and complicated diseases, which had baffled all other efforts of the best medical treatment.

MAXIMS IN LAW.

WHAT proverbs are in common life maxims are in law, and they hold the same authority in legal adjudications as acts of parliament. They are part of the

general customs or common law of the land, and are determined by the judges. The following is a selection of the principal maxims in law-books:—

That new laws abrogate those preceding which are contrary to them.

He who desires the benefit ought to bear the charge.

The king can only act according to the law.

No time bars the claim of the king.

Every man's house is his castle.

No one is bound to criminate himself.

No one can be witness in his own cause.

No wrong without a remedy.

No one can be imprisoned, detained, or outlawed, but by the judgment of his peers.

No one can be taxed but by his own consent, or that of his representative.

The naming of one thing is the exclusion of another.

He who does a thing by the agency of another, does it himself.

Malice is held equivalent to age.

Want of power excuses the law.

Every thing may be annulled by the same means that made it.

Bad grammar does not vitiate a deed.

The law compels no one to do things useless or impossible.

Offences most difficult to guard against ought to be most severely punished.

He who has nothing in purse must pay in person.

Lastly—The title to an Englishman's liberties is older than the oldest title to any estate.

MAXIMS IN EQUITY.

THE following are the maxims which are said to govern courts of equity:—

He that will have equity done to him must do it to the same person.

He that has committed iniquity shall not have equity.

Equality is equity.

Equity suffers not a wrong to be without remedy.

Relieves against accidents.

Prevents mischief.

Prevents multiplicity of acts.

Regards length of time.

Will not suffer a double satisfaction to be taken.

Suffers not advantages to be taken of a penalty or forfeiture where compensation can be made.

It regards not the circumstances but the substance of the act.

Where equity is equal the law must prevail.—*The Cabinet Lawyer.*

THE INQUISITION IN 1820.

THE following fact shows that the inquisitors of our own days do not fall below the standard of those who followed the fanatic Torquemada:—**** was present when the inquisition was thrown open, in 1820, by the order of the Cortes of Madrid. Twenty-one prisoners were found in it, not one of whom knew the name of the city in which it was; some had been confined three years, some a longer period, and not one knew perfectly the nature of the crime of which he was accused. One of these prisoners had been condemned, and was to have suffered on the following day. His punishment was to be *death by the pendulum.* The method of thus destroying the victim is as follows:—The condemned is fastened in a groove, upon a table, on his back; suspended above him is a pendulum, the edge of which is sharp, and it is so constructed as to become longer with every movement. The wretch sees this implement of destruction swinging to and fro above him, and every moment the keen edge approaching nearer and nearer; at length it cuts the skin of his nose, and gradually cuts on until life is extinct. It may be doubted if the holy office in its mercy ever invented a more humane and rapid method of exterminating heresy, or ensuring confiscation. This, let it be remembered, was a punishment of the secret tribunal, A. D. 1820!!!—*The History of the Inquisition of Spain, by D. J. A. Llorenti, formerly secretary to the Inquisition, &c.*

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

THERE are few things in literary history more remarkable than the rapidity with which the modern drama attained its highest excellence, not in one country of Europe, but in every country where it can be said to have at all approached perfection. Cervantes witnessed in his own youth the *curtu sapellex* and barbarous farces which he lived to see supplanted by the dramas of Lope de Vega; and but a few years intervened between his death and the production of the masterpieces of Calderon. A transition quite as sudden carried the French from their monkish mysteries to Corneille and Molière; and here, at home how few are the steps from Gammer Gurton's needle to *Romeo and Juliet!* The literature of Germany stands by itself in nothing more strikingly than its history; but as to this department, the general rule is exemplified in it also, for the first of its dramatic names remain the greatest too.

How happens it that the decline of the

drama as a popular form of composition, has been scarcely less rapid—certainly not a whit less marked—than its early progress had been? How happens it, that, after the lapse of two centuries, the Spaniards still speak of nobody but Lope and Calderon—that the French with difficulty recognise even Voltaire as entitled to be placed by the side of the three great dramatists of the age of Louis the Fourteenth—and that we, though our imaginative literature has produced in the interim so many illustrious writers, scarcely dream, when the English drama is mentioned, of any names but those of Shakspeare, Jonson, and their immediate followers; if indeed it may not be said that Shakspeare is to the English people, as a people, at this moment himself alone the English drama?

The answer we apprehend must be found, chiefly in the simple fact, that the drama is a form of composition originally intended and adapted for a state of society in which *reading* is not a general accomplishment of the *people*. It demands brevity of expression and concentration of parts, as among its first requisites; it trusts much to the aid of apparatus; and much more to the ready imaginations of persons excited during a brief space by external stimulants; and although it has been fortunate enough to be the vehicle of the very highest genius, and also of the very highest art that the annals of poetry have to display, it seems impossible not to admit, that it hopes in vain to advance in power and popularity along with the growing intelligence of the people at large. The dramatic masterpieces of Greece herself were all produced within the limits of almost a single age; and that by no means the age in which there was the greatest number of Greek readers in the world.

The truth is, that reading is a source of entertainment which out of the actual business of individual life, has no rival to fear. No one, that has formed any intellectual habits at all, can dance, or sing, or look on dancers, or listen to singing for many hours on end—nor is there any cultivated audience in the world that would not, if the matter were put to a fair and honest vote, acknowledge that three hours of the best acted play are enough. But how rare a thing must a well acted play have at all times been. We much doubt if there ever was a theatrical performance to which really intelligent persons could attend throughout without deriving from the exhibition almost as much of pain as of pleasure; most assuredly we have witnessed none such in our own times. Highly educated minds, thoroughly acquainted with the masterpieces of dramatic art by means of *reading*, do indeed acquire the tact of conducting themselves at the play very much as they do at the opera; that is, of attending to the Kemble, Young, or Kean, who happens to have a part in the piece—for how seldom does it occur that more than one really good performer figures on the same occasion! and thinking of anything rather than the stage before them, when the solitary star happens not to illuminate its boards. But this compromise is only for those who have leisure to be luxurious; and luxury is, we fear, seldom indulged in long without the approaches of indifference.

Those, on the other hand, who do not see plays continually, are, however, well educated, unable to withdraw themselves without a strong effort from the exhibition which tortures while it fascinates. They are the slaves of the eye and the ear; the glare and the noise compel attention; and the unhappy spectator, so far from being able to admire the *Othello* without thinking at all of the dowdy *Desdemona* or dismal *Iago*, who holds colloquy with him, *must* be disgusted with a fixed observation of these subordinates even when they have the stage to themselves and their wooden kindred. Of the numberless intelligent admirers of Shakspeare now in England, how small a proportion have ever seen a single play of his even tolerably performed! But what must be said as to the classes for whose use the press teems, year after year, with myriads of copies of his works, collected and singly—so cheap that *Macbeth* costs less than the *Babes in the Wood* would have done half a century ago, and yet executed with an accuracy and even an elegance that might satisfy the most critical eye! We are now a nation of readers—much more so than any other people in Europe—and that we strongly suspect, is the principal reason why the theatre is more neglected among us than anywhere else. We read Shakspeare; we stare at *Aladdin*, or laugh at *Paul Pry*, but we have no new dramas—and every year a whole library of new novels and romances.—*Quarterly Review.*

AMERICAN POETRY.

"THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW."

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest;
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye;
The heart with anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom,
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

Franklin Gazette.

The Sketch-Book.

No. XXV.

OLD FRIENDS.

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE very words "Old Friends" have music in them; and the man is not to be envied who has no pleasure in the sound. I was particularly struck, the other day, by witnessing, in one of our streets, a powerful illustration of the beauty of friendship. Two old men, apparently of the lower order, accidentally met; it appeared, by their manner, that they had not seen each other for some time, and there was something so cordial and warm-hearted in their shake of the hand, that it particularly excited my curiosity. A book-stall was fortunately near, and thus I was enabled, without observation, to listen to them for some minutes. During this time there was no pause in their conversation, no vacant stare, and "we have had very mild weather;" but all was action, and in this short space numerous kind inquiries were made for those whom they had known for many a day as "old friends." It was pleasant to see how their countenances alternately brightened and saddened, according to the answers they received; the last was, "He is dead!" These words were no sooner uttered, than they both, as if by one emotion, gently tapped their box, and silently exchanged the cordial pinch. They held it in their fingers, and I saw the tear trickle down their aged cheeks as they said together, "He was a good old friend."

Without memory for the old, and anticipation for the young, life would indeed be a fever and a fret. It is observed by a contemporary writer, that *he* lives the longest who reflects the most; and how delightful the reflection on former days, when friendships were new which now are old; the scenes of whose very youth become more than consecrated by the sincerity which riper years have brought with them.

Before I was old enough to feel that *I* could reckon on *old friends*—in those days "when life and hope are new"—the perpetual recurrence of my elder acquaintances to the scenes of their youth, and their love of describing even the most trifling circumstances of that season, were to me a source of considerable uneasiness. I could not join them in their chat; I could not reckon on the past like them; which made me feel how little had been my life, and what a small hour the present was to me, since I could not people it with the actors and the scenes of other days. At such moments, when the laugh went round, and some one, having told his tale, has added, but

"I'm not what I was forty summers ago."

I am free to own I have even wished myself an old man, that I might be thus happily privileged. Anticipation, however, in some degree filled up the blank, till I began perceptibly to advance from the point of life at which I started, and thus to have a larger world of my own to range in. I shall never forget, if I live a hundred years, the peculiar propensity of an old aunt for looking back a day or two; to her, indeed, the good, the great, the wise, of other days, were the only good, and great, and wise; and she not unfrequently regulated her praise or reprobation of on action by the answer to the question, "When did it happen?" There was nothing half so fine in life as the court of George III. immediately after his marriage; or a time when the ladies were so modest, fair, and elegant, as then. "Aye, friends were *friends* in those days!" was a celebrated exclamation of the old lady's, when she had finished a long, but really pleasant review of her early associates. Dear old lady! thy very look was sympathy, and all thy heart was friendship. I cannot say *more*, than that thou wast "a friend;" for by that declaration I show that thou couldst call into action the finest feelings of another's heart, and find an answering sympathy in thine own. It is true, that she often tired me with her stories; but I would fain hear her again, for the hours that I spent with her were amongst the plea-

santest of my life. In truth, she used to look, amid'st the young circle who loved her as I did, like a kind spirit saved by Time to afford us a taste of the sweets of memory. To develope the sympathies of the heart is the most humanizing wisdom. Give me, then, for a winter evening's converse, an "old friend;" when the

"——— sparkling hearth is bright,
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd;
There's something cheerful in that sort of light,
Even as a summer sky, without a cloud;
I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,
A lobster, salad, and champagne, and chat."

I have heard it doubted whether women be capable of much friendship for each other; and every body knows that with some writers it is laid down as a serious axiom, that there can be little friendship, pure friendship, between the *youth* of the opposite sexes. The first question is illiberal and absurd; but with regard to the friendship of women for ourselves, I may say that they *can* feel it in youth, and grow into "old friends" with a singleness of eye, and a warm-heartedness of the most delightful description. We know that there are always a host of beings to be found without souls—*corpus sine pectore*, as the good Horace has it; but he who is anxious to know the purest kindness of a friend, let him seek it in the female breast. He will find there the most delicate feeling for his interest and well being, without any of that cool calculation which too often thrusts itself between the brethren; and the same amount of friendship comes so much the more purely from a female by all the superiority of her natural kindness. I speak not now of that fine feeling which exclusively they teach us, but confine myself solely to their capacity of being really "friends;" and as I pass onward through life, if I wish for one more blessing than the Roman satirist prayed for, it shall be a female friend.

The mere money-getting man estimates *old friends* somewhat oddly; his fondest recollections are in his "ledger;" and the most hallowed moments to his memory are those which sealed a fortunate contract, or introduced a wealthy purchaser to his warehouse. There are certain narrow-principled maxims sometimes taught at school, whose obvious tendency is to give the youthful mind a cautious and illiberal direction. Such are the maxims of which we complain: "The loan of your *money* is the loss of your *friend*."—"He that is surety for his neighbour shall smart for it," &c. These, and similar sentences to be met with in many of the orthodox text-books of our fathers, can have no effect upon the yet unfashioned heart but that of ossifying it into one of "pounds, shillings, and pence." As we mix in the world, the sage axioms of prudence and self-interest soon steal upon us, and the great fear is, lest we grow into heartlessness.

The age of friends who are made over the bottle is but a short one; they have their birth with the first sparkling bumper, and are generally drowned in the last. The ancients tell us that there is truth in wine. However, though the noisy board may produce a freedom of expression—a volume of kind professions—a feverish and apparently cordial shake of the hand—more than this it does not do—sincerity belongs to calmer moments, and *old friends* are of a steadier growth.

It is remarkable how strong is the impression made upon us by inanimate objects. Last autumn, I visited, in company with a friend, a retired spot deep in the country, the scene of some of our earliest days. The most spirit-stirring recollections are there. We traced even the little copse that hangs upon the side of a hill, where we had so often "nutted;" and silently gazed upon the trunk on which, in merry hours, we had carved our names. I shall never forget that old beech tree. The elbow-chair of the man who smokes is dear to him; and with what reluctance do we consign to neglect the hat that has been long fashioned to the head, or the coat that has grown threadbare and easy on one's back. Old books, we know, are pleasant things; and if I love old wine at one time more than another, it is to drink in a bumper, "Old Friends."

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

TREBLE AND BASS.

Lord Mulgrave, who once went on a voyage to the North Pole, appears to have been distinguished by a singularity of physical conformation—possessing two distinct voices; the one strong and hoarse, the other shrill and querulous; of both of which organs he occasionally availed himself. So extraordinary a circumstance, probably, gave rise to a story of his having fallen into a ditch in a dark night, and, calling for aid in his shrill voice, a countryman coming up, was about to have assisted him; but lord Mulgrave, addressing him in a hoarse tone, the peasant immediately exclaimed, "Oh, if there are two of you in the ditch, you may help each other out of it!"

JEU D'ESPRIT.

A VERY handsome woman of fashion observing lately, that she detested masquerades, a gallant officer in company replied, "No wonder, madam, since you do so much execution—*unmasked*."

IN Westminster abbey there is the monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, where he is represented rising out of the sea with a full-bottomed wig, well powdered and puffed!

FOOTE rattling away one evening in his green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did, the duke of C——d, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see, I *swallow* all your good things."—"Do you, my lord duke," says the other; "why then I congratulate you on your digestion, for, by G—d, I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life!"

EPITAPH ON A LAWYER.

Death brought an *action*, he could not *defend it*;
He *surrendered his body*, thus hoping to end it:
His mistake he found out, for what could be plainer?
Against his poor soul Satan *lodg'd a detainer*.
In hell he now lies in most anxious expectment,
That our Lord will *release him* by way of *ejectment*;
His hopes are all vain, for on *search'ing* we find,
The Lord has *summ'd up—final judgment is sign'd*.
So the lawyer, in spite of *Coke, Blackstone, and Co.*,
With his *agent* in hell, must remain *statu quo*.

GEESE are not such fools as is generally supposed. The native tribes of geese belonging to the Cossac villages on the river Don, leave their homes in March or April, as soon as the ice breaks up, and take flight in a body to the more northerly lakes, where they breed and constantly reside during the summer; but on the beginning of winter, the parent birds, with their multiplied progeny, all return, every flock alighting at the door to which it belongs. The accuracy with which they thus return to their respective homes, denotes more sagacity than is generally ascribed to them.

MR. SERGEANT POPHAM, when speaker of the house of commons, which had sat long and done nothing, coming one day to queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr. Speaker, what has *passed* in the house?" He answered, "May it please your majesty—*eleven weeks!*"

PORPORA.

THIS celebrated musician was spending a day at an abbey in Germany, when the monks requested him to assist at the office, in order to hear their organist, whose talents they greatly extolled. The office finished, "Well, what think you of our organist?" said the prior—"Why (replied Porpora) he is a clever man!" "And likewise," said the prior, "a good and charitable man, and his simplicity is really evangelical." "Oh, as for his simplicity," replied Porpora, "I soon clearly perceived that, for his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are again obliged to defer many articles which have been promised insertion; but of late, the favours of our correspondents have so greatly increased, that some time must elapse ere we can find room for all of them. We will, however, insert the following papers as early as possible:—*F. R. Y.*; *Malvina*; *Typo*; *J.*; *C. W. N.*; *R. W. B.*; *W. C—y*; *Janet*; *Montagu*; *P. P.*; *R.*; *P. T. W.*; and *T. R. S.*

M H. and *C. W.* are received.

The Fairy's Funeral shall be disposed of in an early number.

Insertion to the last pleasing communication of *M. L. B.* shall be given in our next or following number.

We will search for the papers alluded to by *Edwardus*. At the moment, we have no recollection of them.

J. F. P. has troubled himself to send us most abominable trash.

Y. Z. has our thanks.

Charades, Enigmas, &c. are inadmissible.

We are obliged to *H. E.*; he shall have due attention.

The packet from *A Canterbury Subscriber* has arrived, and for the valuable cargo we are grateful.

We are obliged to *Mr. Cooper* for his favours: but why should he wish us to do what we ought not?

H. W. H. is thanked; but we regret the drawing is too late to appear in season. The communication shall have immediate attention.

The following are under consideration:—*Chimerious*; *J. L. Merman*; *H. N.*; *M. Henry*; *T. H.*; *S. R.*; and *An English Gentleman of the Nineteenth Century*.

Rejected:—*Juvenis*; *C. H——g*; *I. S. B.* and *Alan*.

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